THE LAIR OF MADNESS

50¢ NO.1

A.D. FEATURES COMICBOOKS

IN THIS ISSUE

DUCIEM

ADDAM

THE HUNTER

LI'L RED

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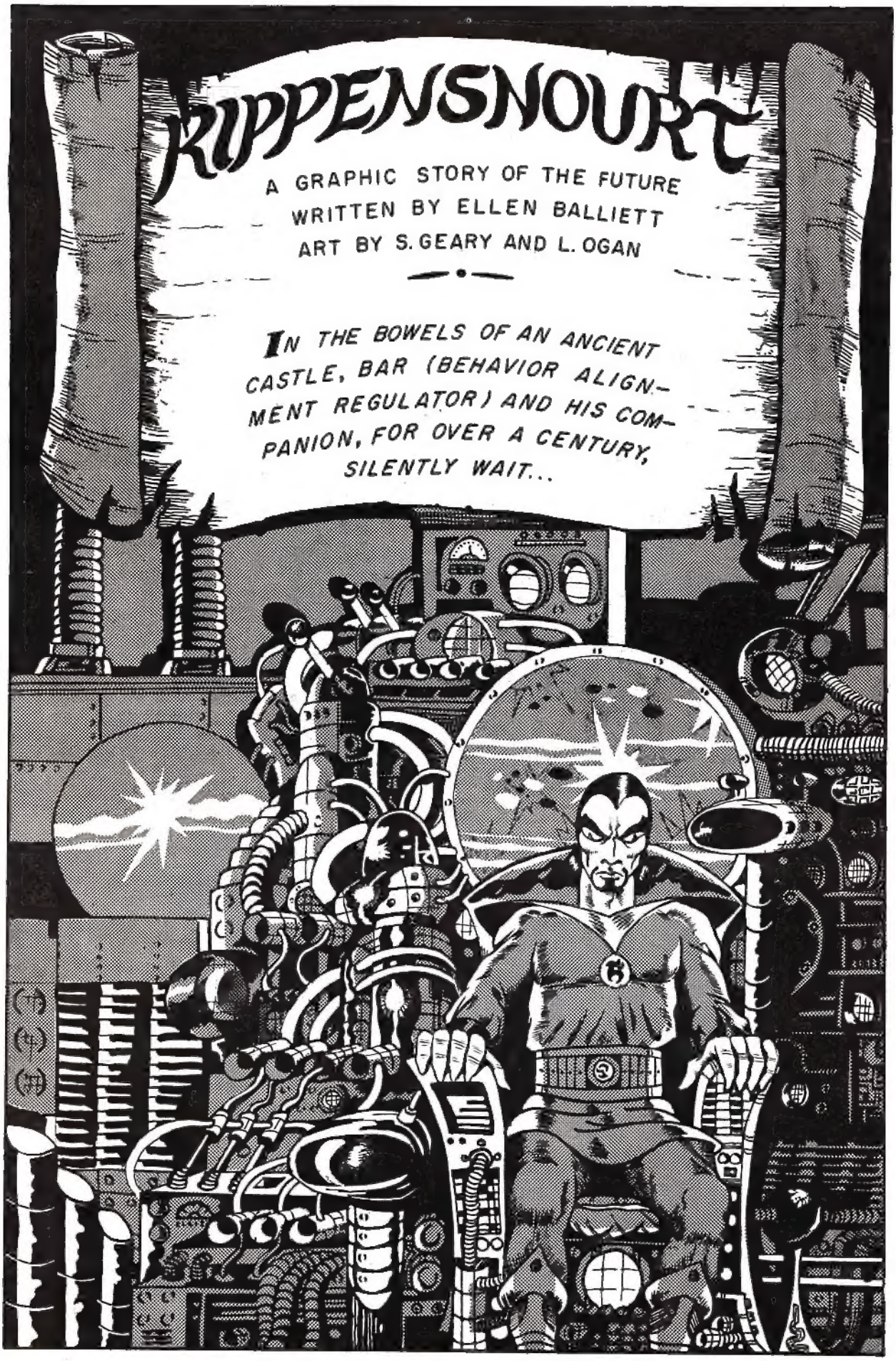
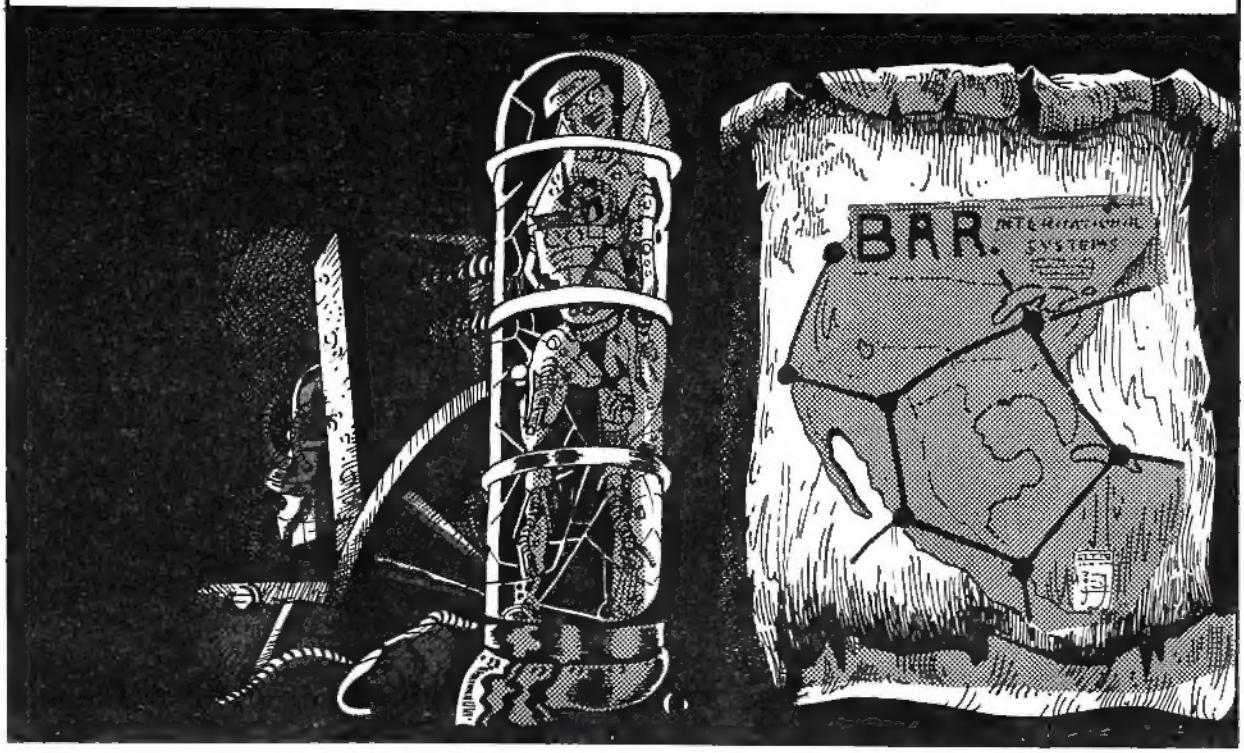

KIPPENSNOURT
A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE FUTURE
WRITTEN BY ELLEN BALLIETT
ART BY S. GEARY AND L. OGAN
IN THE BOWELS OF AN ANCIENT CASTLE, BAR (BEHAVIOR ALIGNMENT REGULATOR) AND HIS COMPANION, FOR OVER A CENTURY, SILENTLY WAIT...

NEARBY ARE THE GLOOMY RUINS OF WHAT ONCE WAS LONDON....

BAR NOLONGER HAS THE NECESSARY INTERCONTINENTAL HOOK-UPS WITH HIS BROTHERS WHO WERE ACROSS THE SEA AND SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN HALF OF HIS CONTINENT....

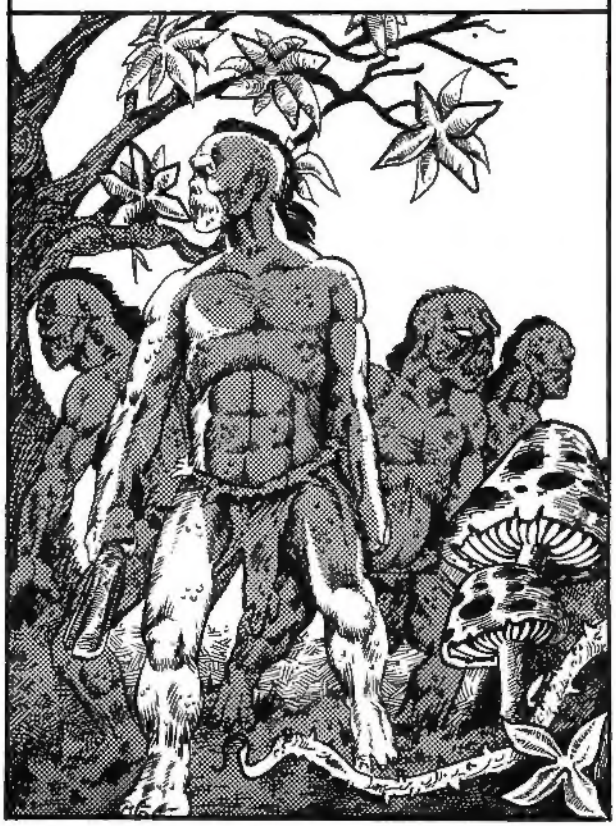


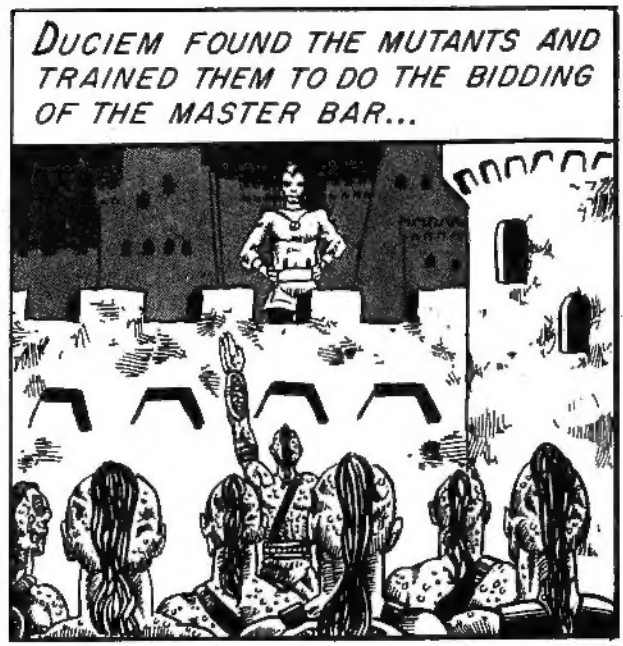
THE WAR RAVISHED THE LANDS AND THE GREAT CITIES DIED....

MEN HAD NO PLACE TO TURN. LIFE AS THEY KNEW IT CEASED....

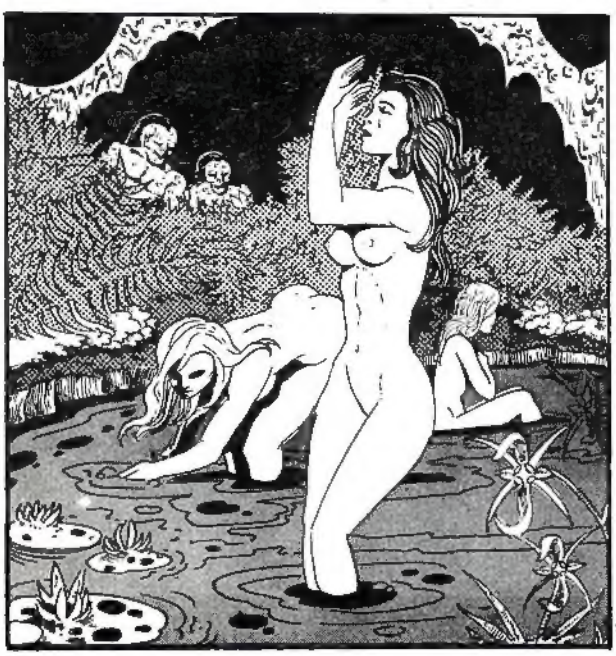
FOR A CENTURY AFTER THE WAR BAR AND HIS ONE REMAINING ASSISTANT, DUCIEM, WAITED. UNTIL....

NEARBY A BAND OF MUTANTS WANDER AIMLESSLY, FOOD-HUNTING....




DUCIEM FOUND THE MUTANTS AND TRAINED THEM TO DO THE BIDDING OF THE MASTER BAR...

BUT THE MASTER BAR'S NEED FOR SUBJECTS WAS INSATIABLE!
DUCIEM! INSTRUCT THE MUTANTS TO SEARCH FOR MORE OF THEIR KIND!

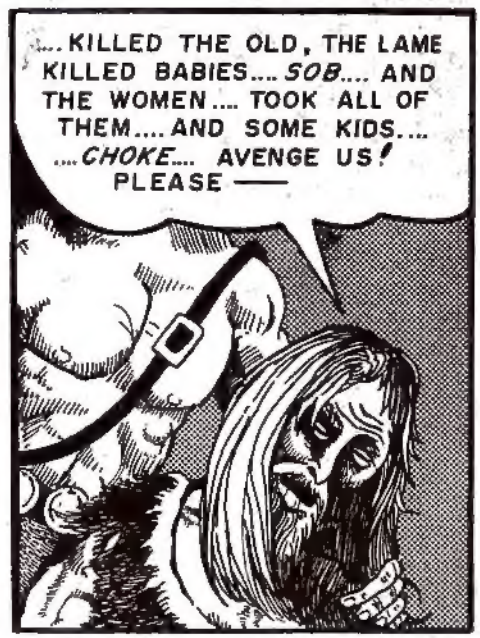


THE NEXT DAY DUCIEM AND THE MUTANTS LEAVE THE CASTLE TO CAPTURE SAVAGES FROM A NEWLY DISCOVERED BAND.

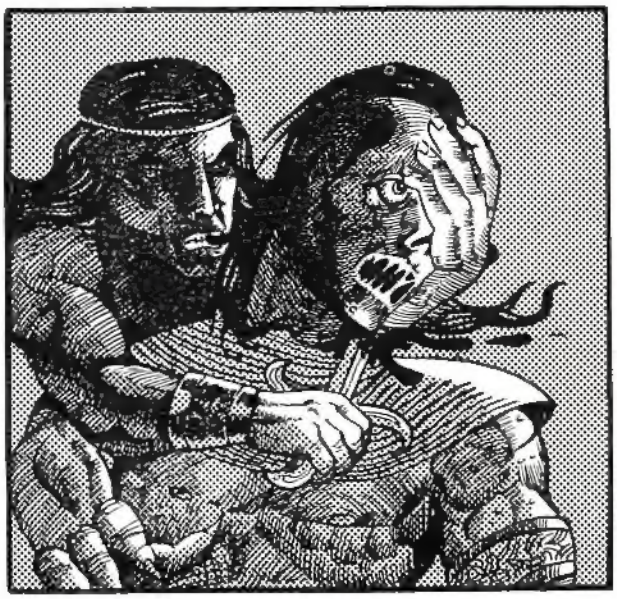
AS HE HAD EXPECTED, DUCIEM FINDS THE WARRIORS OF THE TRIBE ARE AWAY HUNTING. THE MUTANTS ATTACK, SPARING ONLY THE USEFUL.

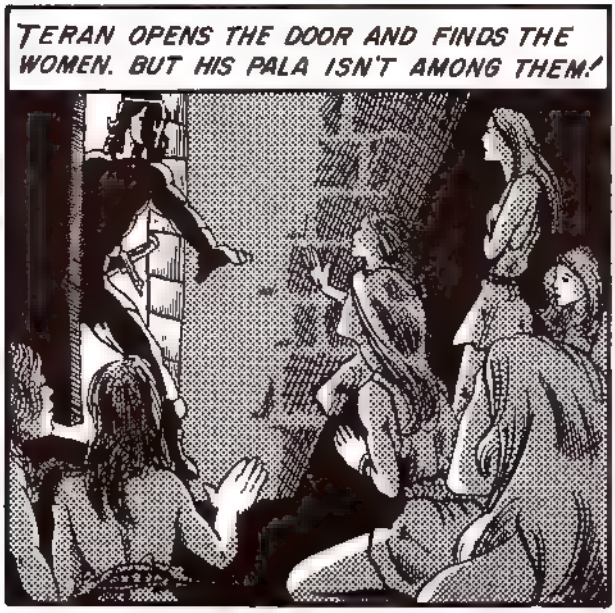
THE TENTS ARE PUT TO THE TORCH... WHILE THE OLD MEN AND BABIES LAY DIEING IN THEIR MIDST. THE MUTANT SLAVES CARRY OFF THE HEALTHY YOUNG WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

HOURS LATER, TERAN THE HUNTER AND HIS MEN RETURN TO THEIR CAMP AND SEE—

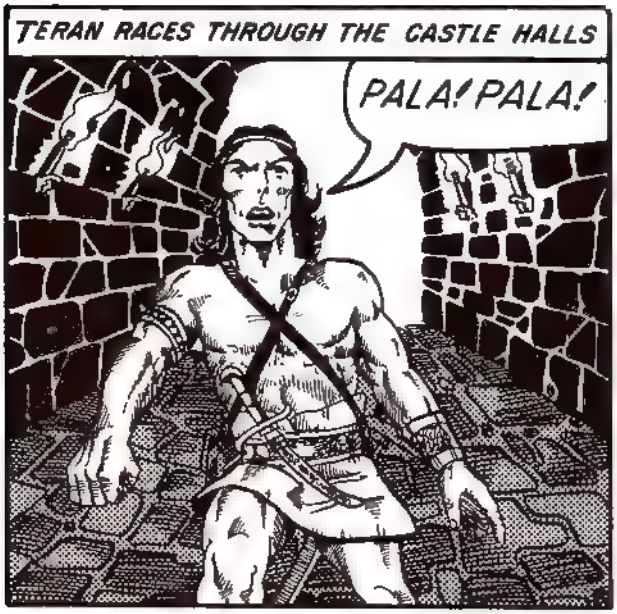


AFTER HOURS OF TRACKING, THE HUNTERS COME UPON THE CASTLE....

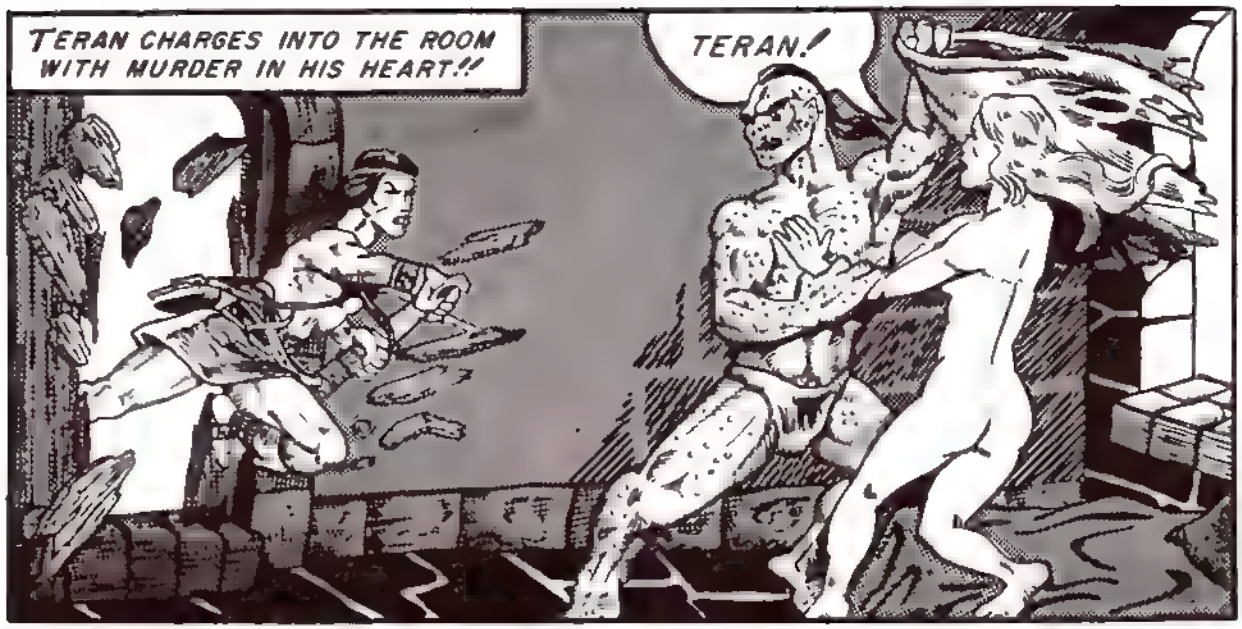


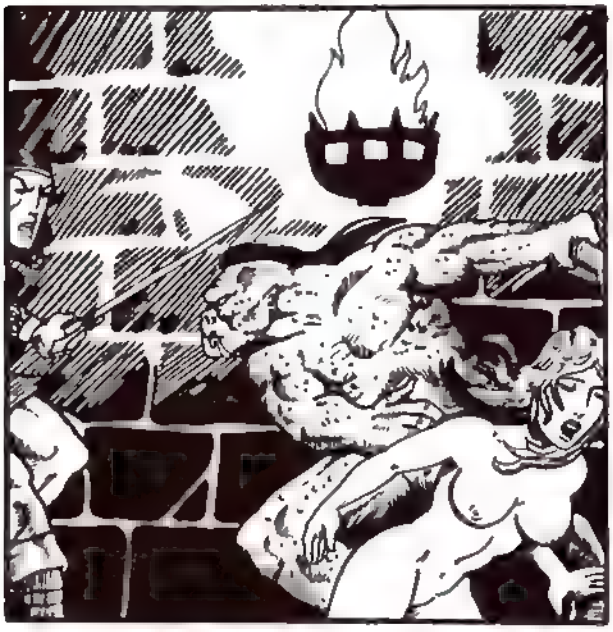

TERAN OPENS THE DOOR AND FINDS THE WOMEN. BUT HIS PALA ISN'T AMONG THEM!

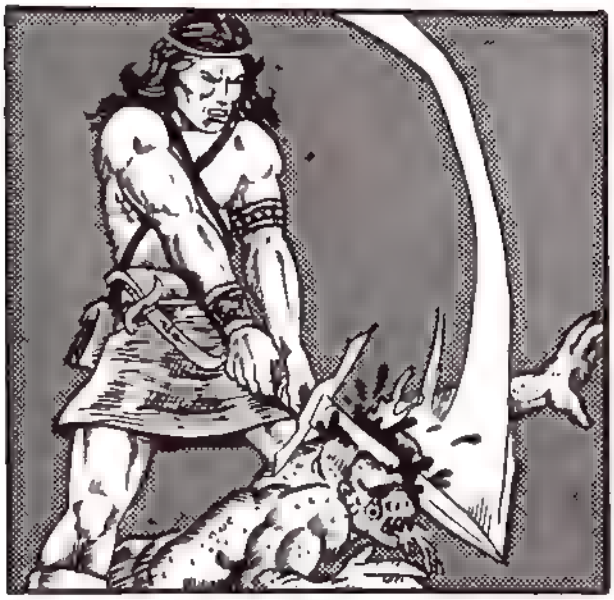
WHERE IS PALA!
ONE OF OUR CAPTORS HAS TAKEN HER AWAY WITH HIM!


TERAN RACES THROUGH THE CASTLE HALLS
PALA! PALA!

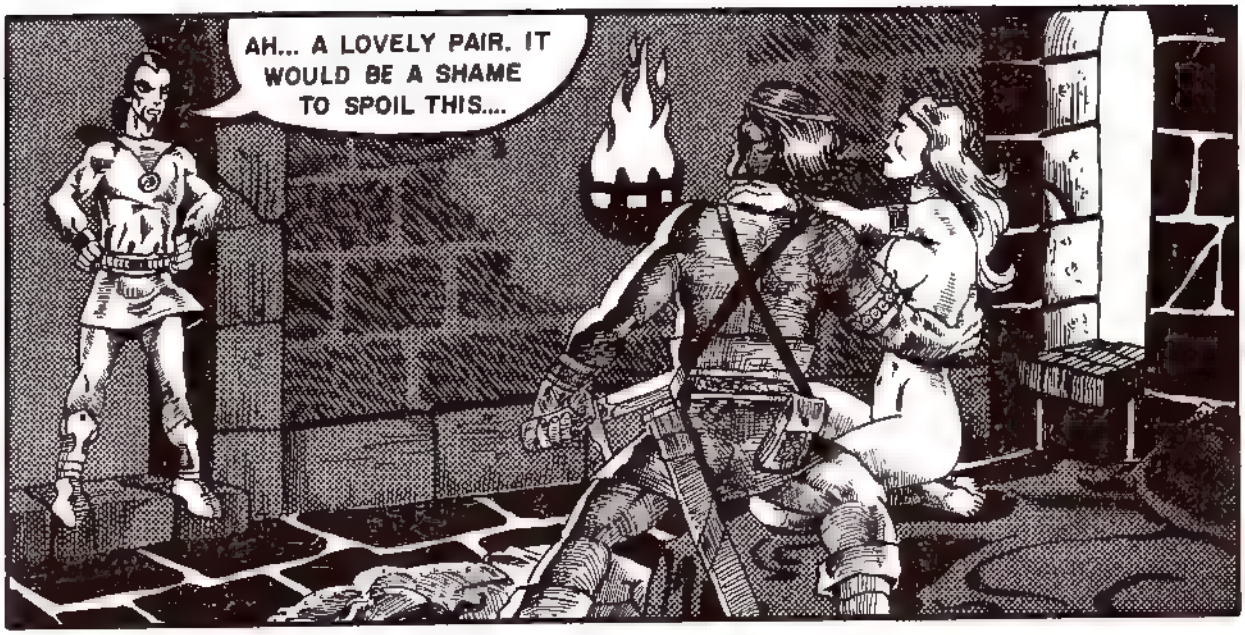
THEN HE HEARS SCREAMS, LOUD AT FIRST, THEN FAINT AND MUFFLED....


TERAN CHARGES INTO THE ROOM WITH MURDER IN HIS HEART!!
TERAN!

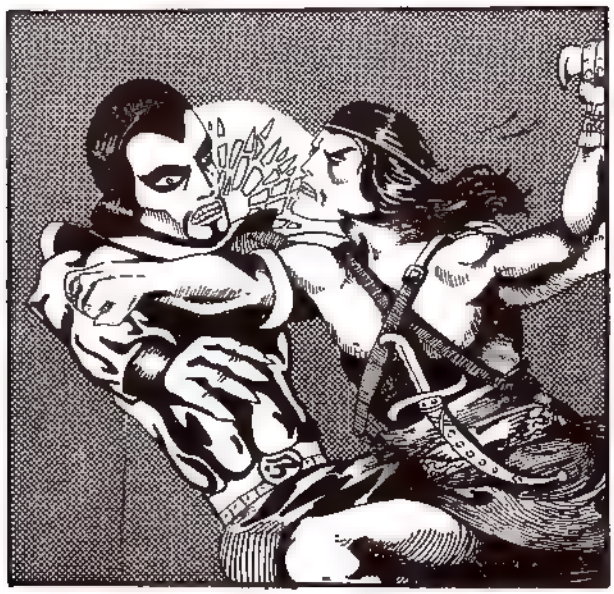


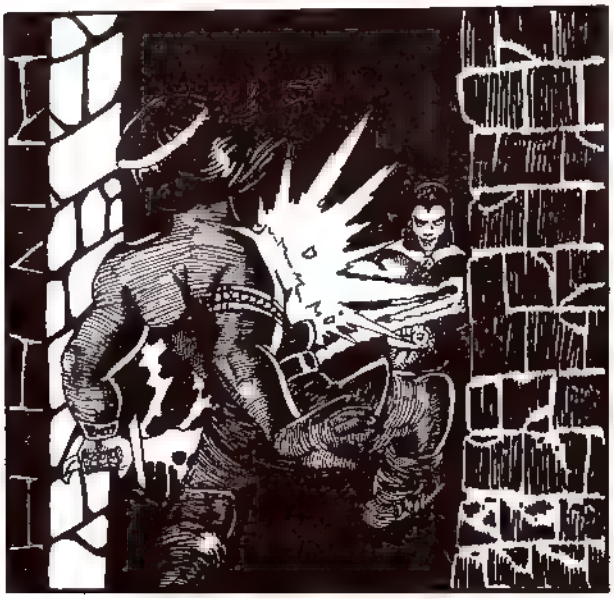


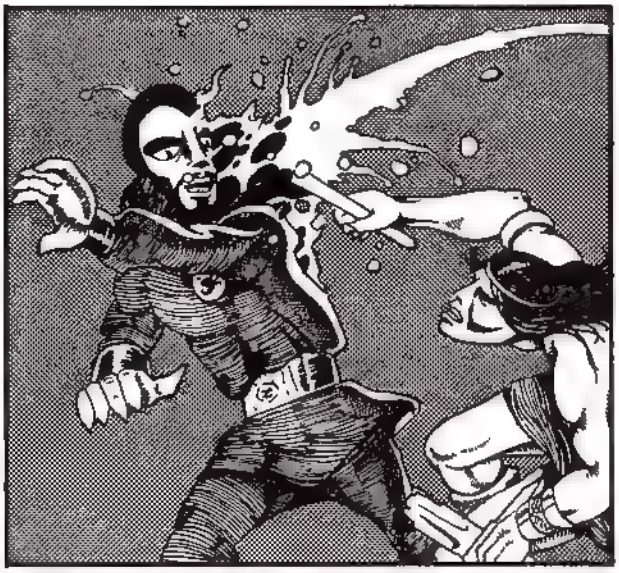
TERAN AND PALA EMBRACE PASSIONATELY UNTIL THEY HEAR A VOICE BEHIND THEM..


AH... A LOVELY PAIR. IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO SPOIL THIS....

A GREAT SHAME!!

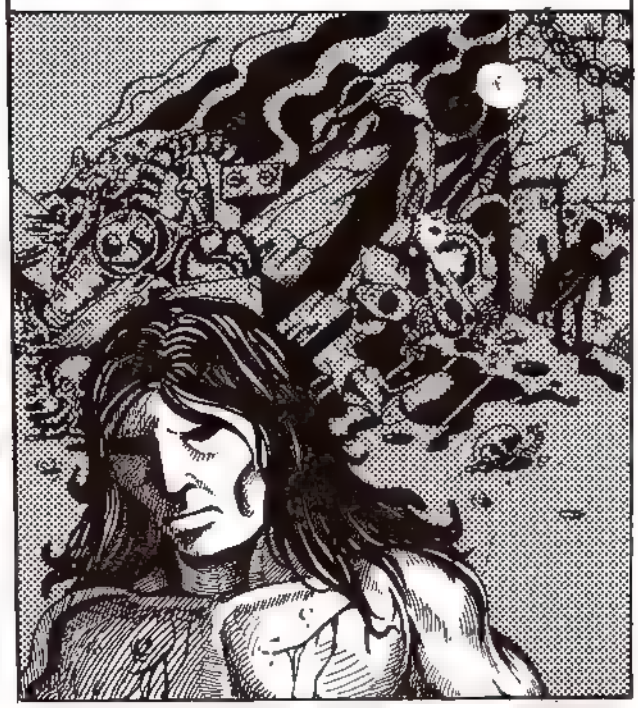






HIS MIND REELING FROM PAIN, TERAN STAGGERS TO HIS FEET. THE STENCH OF BURNT PLASTIC FILLS HIS NOSE; SMOKE STINGS HIS EYES.

THE LAST OF EARTH'S PAST MADNESS NOW LIES IN RUINS, LEAVING MEN FREE TO BEGIN AGAIN...

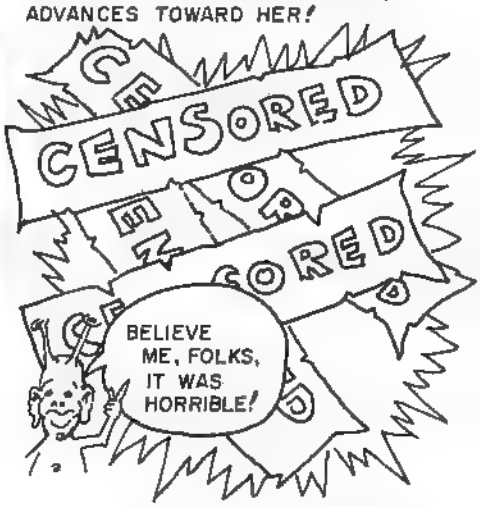


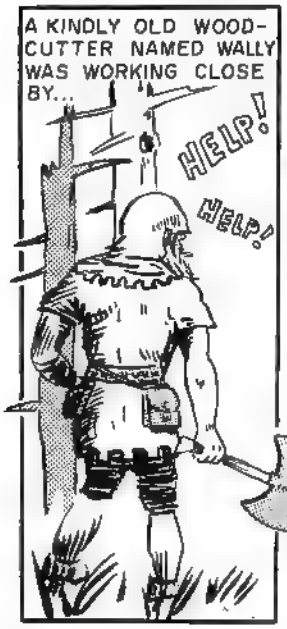
LIL' RED
by dale
THIS STORY WAS LAID OUT AND DRAWN BY BROADHURST FROM AN IDEA BY GLEN D. JOHNSON, WHO WAS INSPIRED BY AN EDITORIAL IN HIS LOCAL PAPER!

IT HAPPENED THAT A WOLF LURKING IN THE NEAR BUSHES HEARD THIS ORDER, AND....

RUSHED OFF GRANNY'S HOUSE. ONCE INSIDE, HE JUMPED GRANNY, ATE HER, AND STOLE HER NIGHTY! THEN THE WOLF SLIPPED INTO BED TO WAIT FOR LI'L RED!

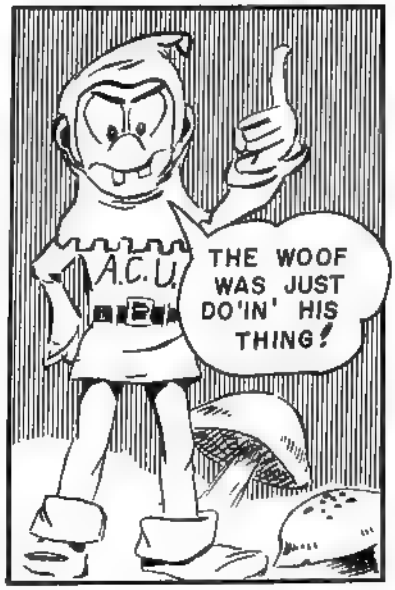
WHEN RED ARRIVED HE TRICKED THE POOR GIRL INTO GIVING HIM HER BOX FULL OF GOODIES AND PROCEEDED TO MAKE SOME NASTY ADVANCES TOWARD HER!





GEE! THE WOLF WASN'T INFORMED OF HIS RIGHTS!
ANT I BRUTALITY LEAGUE
S.P.C.A.

MXMRSH!
BXLUR!


A.C.U.
THE WOOF WAS JUST DO'IN' HIS THING!

AN INQUEST WAS HELD, WHERE AN OFFICIAL FOR WOODCUTTERS' LOCAL NO. 688 TESTIFIED THAT WOLFKILLING WAS "BEYOND THE SCOPE OF A UNION MAN'S EMPLOYMENT!"

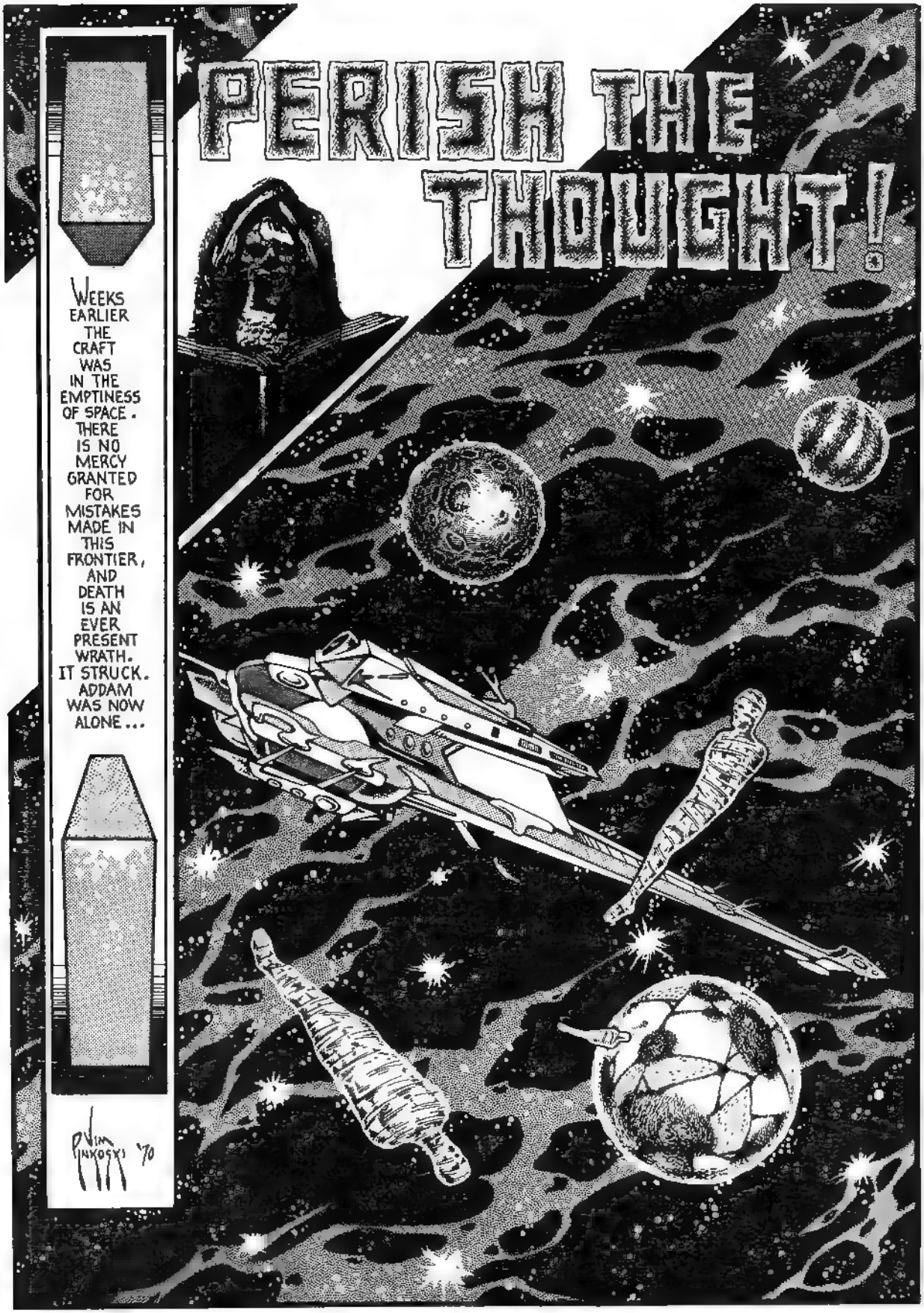
THE S.D.S HAD A FEW WORDS TO ADD...
BOTH GRANNY AND THE WOODCUTTER WERE OVER 30 AND SUPPORTERS OF THE CAPITALIST, IMPERIALIST, WARMONGERING, RUNNING DOGS OF THE BOURGEOIS ESTABLISHMENT! THE WOLF MUST BE VIEWED AS A YOUNG REVOLUTIONARY OF GREAT BRAVERY!
LEGALIZE SMACK!
'SIDES, THE PIG DIDN'T HAVE NO "PROBABLE CAUSE!"
MAO!

THE INQUEST CALLED FOR A TRIAL AND THE COURTS TOOK EIGHT YEARS FOR A VERDICT...
FINALLY—
DAILY RIP-OFF
WOLF
INNOCENT!!!
WOODCUTTER SENTENCED MURDER!

THE NEXT NIGHT, A CITIZENS' GROUP BURNED THE WOODCUTTER'S HOUSE...

AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LONG-DEAD WOLF RED SPOKE!
I WAS SO SELFISH! HE WANTED TO MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR! AND I REJECTED HIM! *SOB*

END

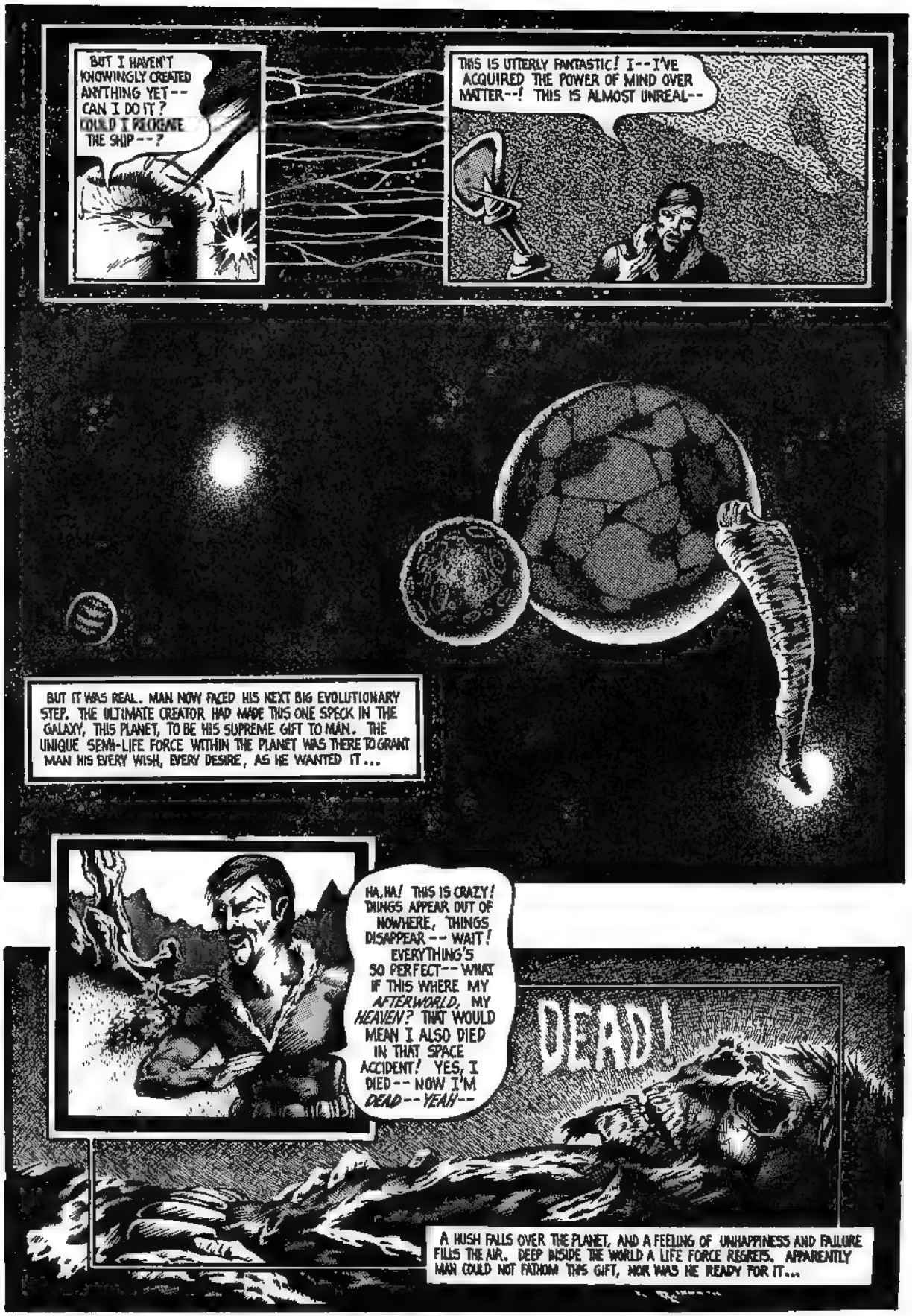

PERISH THE THOUGHT!
WEEKS EARLIER THE CRAFT WAS IN THE EMPTINESS OF SPACE. THERE IS NO MERCY GRANTED FOR MISTAKES MADE IN THIS FRONTIER, AND DEATH IS AN EVER PRESENT WRATH. IT STRUCK. ADDAM WAS NOW ALONE...
PINKOSKI '70

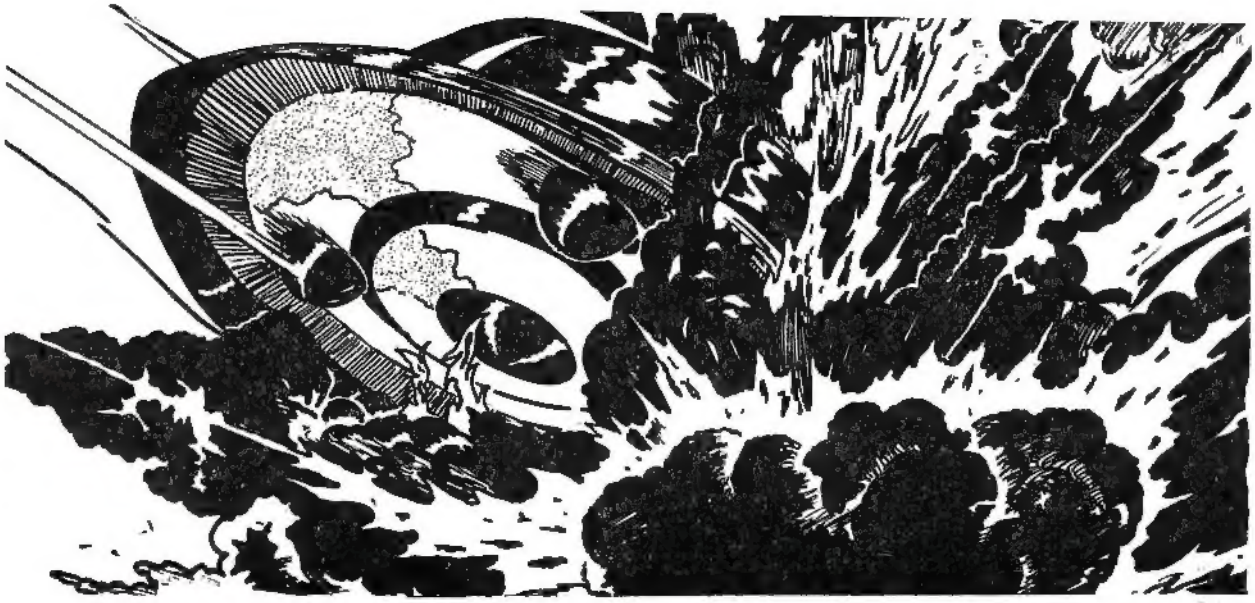
BOREDOM COMES QUICKLY WHEN THERE IS NO ONE TO TALK WITH. TO BREAK THIS, ADDAM DIRECTED HIS CRAFT TO THE CLOSEST WORLD. OUT OF GRATITUDE HE NAMED THIS PLANET MANAVATION...
A MAN'S SALVATION--
A PRESENT FROM GOD--
ADDAM SETS OUT-- ACROSS WIDE MEADOWS SWAYING GENTLY IN THE SOFT BREEZE, SPOTTED WITH FLURISHING BUSHES, COLOSSAL KNOTTED TREES AND ODD ROCK FORMATIONS...

BREATHLESS, MIND REELING LIKE THE LAND BELOW! ADDAM'S METALLIC HAND BLASTER FLASHES A WHITE HOT PATH, AND A TERRIFYING SHRIEK OF PAIN AND AGONY TEARS AT HIS NERVES. THE AIRBORNE CREATURE'S GRASPING CLAWS TWITCH FIENDISHLY, THEN RELEASE THEIR CAPTIVE TO THE WIND...
A LEPIDOPTAUR! HERE ??
I DON'T UNDERSTAND -- I SHOULD BE DEAD! THEY INSTINCTIVLY CRUSH THEIR PREY, NOT JUST CARRY IT OFF!
THE INSPECTIVE JOURNEY CONTINUES, AND ADDAM MAKES MENTAL NOTES OF THE PLANT LIFE, THE ANIMALS, THE OVER ALL COMPOSITION, AND HOW THIS WORLD REMINDS HIM OF A REALITY OF LONG AGO-- ONE HE CALLED HOME...

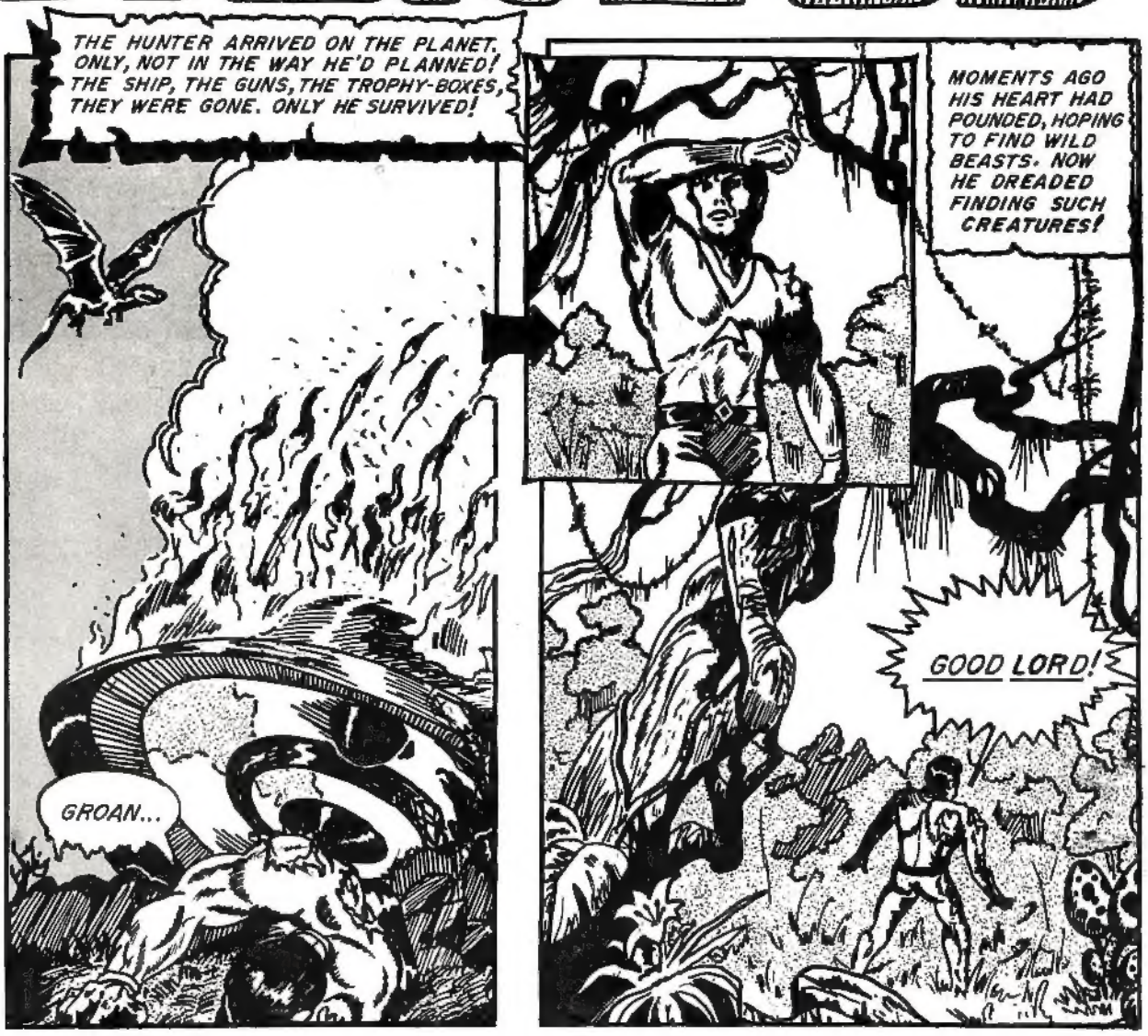
GOOD LORD! NO!
HELLO.
WHO--WHO ARE YOU? I MEAN -- HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE, ADDAM.
A CITY -- IT LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE -- LIKE ONE WHERE I'VE COME FROM-- EXACTLY! BUT IT COULDN'T BE HERE--!
THEN IT IS NOT.
IT'S GONE!
STAY AWAY -- STAY AWAY FROM ME, WHATEVER YOU ARE!
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, ADDAM.
NO! YOU'RE NOT REAL!
DURING THAT FRACTION OF A SECOND THAT ADDAM BLINKS, THE GIRL'S FORM VANISHES...

THE SHIP -- WAIT! COULD THAT BE *REAL*? YES, IT HAS TO BE! BUT HOW CAN I TELL?? EVERYTHING'S THE SAME, EVERY DETAIL-- *SO WERE THOSE OTHER THINGS!*
BUT THEY WERE FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION, NOT REAL, THEY VANISHED WHEN--
HA, HA! WHATTA POWER THE OLD MAN'S GOT!
YOU'RE NOT REAL EITHER!
I THINK I UNDERSTAND. MOST OF THOSE *THINGS* WERE CREATED BY SOMETHING THAT TAPPED MY MIND -- THE LEPIDOPTAUR, THE CITY, THE GIRL!
I CONTROLLED THEM! SUBCONSCOUSLY I WILLED ALL OF THEM INTO BEING, AND COMMANDED THEM TO VANISH!


BUT I HAVEN'T KNOWINGLY CREATED ANYTHING YET-- CAN I DO IT? COULD I RECREATE THE SHIP--?
THIS IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC! I--I'VE ACQUIRED THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER--! THIS IS ALMOST UNREAL--
BUT IT WAS REAL. MAN NOW FACED HIS NEXT BIG EVOLUTIONARY STEP. THE ULTIMATE CREATOR HAD MADE THIS ONE SPECK IN THE GALAXY, THIS PLANET, TO BE HIS SUPREME GIFT TO MAN. THE UNIQUE SEMI-LIFE FORCE WITHIN THE PLANET WAS THERE TO GRANT MAN HIS EVERY WISH, EVERY DESIRE, AS HE WANTED IT...
HA, HA! THIS IS CRAZY! THINGS APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE, THINGS DISAPPEAR -- WAIT! EVERYTHING'S SO PERFECT-- WHAT IF THIS WHERE MY AFTERWORLD, MY HEAVEN? THAT WOULD MEAN I ALSO DIED IN THAT SPACE ACCIDENT! YES, I DIED-- NOW I'M DEAD-- YEAH--
DEAD!
A HUSH FALLS OVER THE PLANET, AND A FEELING OF UNHAPPINESS AND FAILURE FILLS THE AIR. DEEP INSIDE THE WORLD A LIFE FORCE REGRETS. APPARENTLY MAN COULD NOT FATHOM THIS GIFT, NOR WAS HE READY FOR IT...



HUNTED


THE HUNTER ARRIVED ON THE PLANET. ONLY, NOT IN THE WAY HE'D PLANNED! THE SHIP, THE GUNS, THE TROPHY-BOXES, THEY WERE GONE. ONLY HE SURVIVED!
GROAN...
MOMENTS AGO HIS HEART HAD POUNDED, HOPING TO FIND WILD BEASTS. NOW HE DREADED FINDING SUCH CREATURES!
GOOD LORD!

THE CHANCES OF FIND-HUMANOIDS WERE 100 TO ONE—BUT THERE THEY WERE!
MAN ALIVE! WHAT A TROPHY ONE OF THOSE HEADS WOULD MAKE!

I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A GOOD SHORT-RANGE K-35 BLASTER RIGHT NOW!

RAWR BRAWK!

DAMN! THEY'RE A WHOLE LOT MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN I EXPECTED!!
SWUSSSHH!

NO CHANCE TO RUN—BUT I CAN PUT THIS CLUB TO GOOD USE!

CRACK!!!

SORRY ABOUT THE HEADACHE, OLD BOY, BUT IT'S YOUR LIFE OR MINE!
THWAK!

WHACK!

YOU'RE DAMN UGLY BUT YOU WILL DO!

YES SIR! IF I EVER GET BACK TO EARTH...

RAWRRG!

THOO!

HEH! HEH HA! HEH!

THE HUNTER WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD TO'VE SEEN HIS FINAL REST-ING PLACE – BETWEEN THE SKULLS OF ROG, THE CAVE BEAR, AND GORN, THE LEOPARD! TRULY A PLACE OF HONOR FOR HIM...

THE HUNTED!
BIGLER

FOLLOW TRENT'S ADVENTURES IN GRAPHIC FANTASY!